

SAMUEL COLERIDGE - TAYLOR. By Rev. W. V. Tunnell



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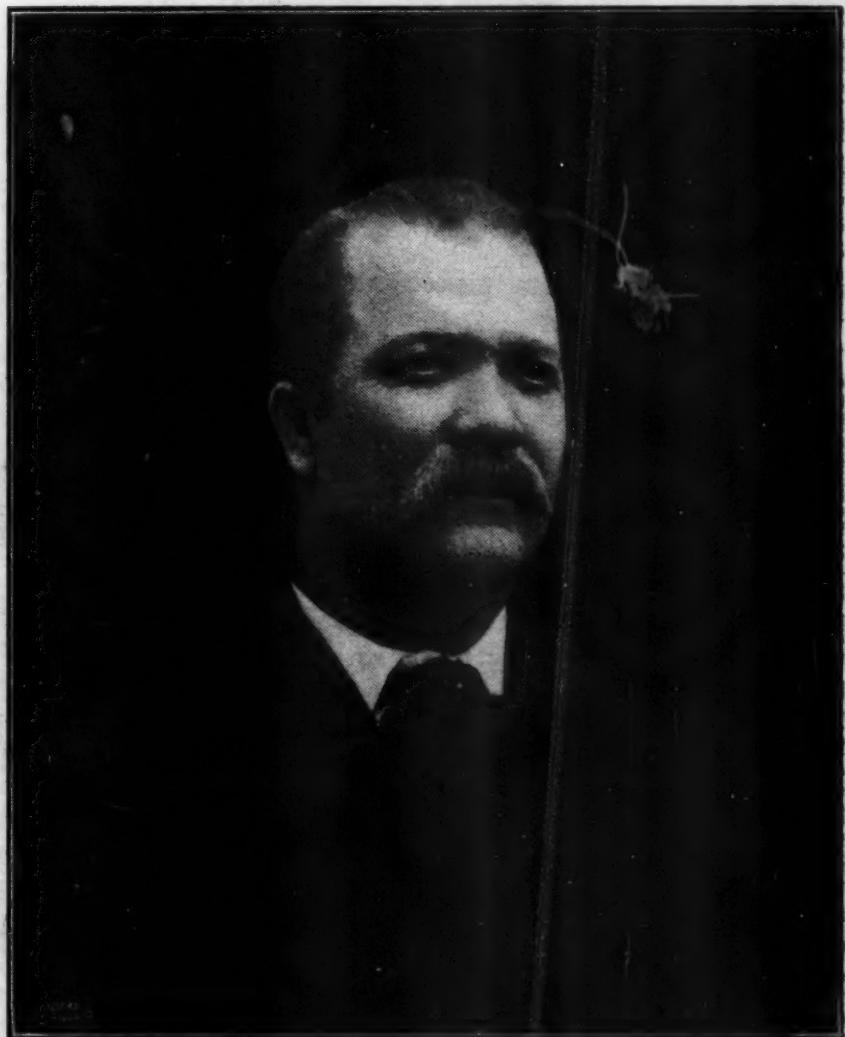
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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1905.

NO. 1.

The Way of The World

The Death of a Noted Negro

THE recent death of the Honorable Vincent Brown, K. C., Attorney General of Trinidad, which occurred November 9th at Port of Spain, removes from British West Indian life one of the most pronounced defenders of human rights that has risen to eminence in English affairs. Mr. Brown was a great barrister, perhaps surpassing, both in accomplishments and achievements, any public official that has occupied the attention of the populace in Trinidad within the last quarter of a century; not excepting his eminent predecessor, the Honorable Nathaniel Nathan.

Born at Port of Spain in 1855, and educated there; it was a splendid testimonial to his character and ability, that he rose steadily among his own people; and that he was the unquestioned and recognized champion of his race before the English throne, which paid a high tribute to his worth in the character of the offices to which he was appointed.

Mr. Brown received his legal education at the famous Gray's Inn, London; and was the first student from Trinidad to enter there; and the most brilliant student during his stay. Returning to Trinidad in 1878, he was immediately

called to the bar. A few years later he was appointed Magistrate of the Port, an office he filled with great ability. Mr. Brown sedulously prosecuted his studies during his magistracy, and before he arrived at thirty-five years, was adjudged the most learned barrister in the colony, and bore the honor with grace and ease. In 1893, at the very early age of thirty-eight, he was appointed Solicitor General of Trinidad, and his legal ability was conspicuous in the various prosecutions in which he engaged on behalf of the government.

He won his way into the hearts of his countrymen, and impressed his brilliancy upon the throne, and ranked with Warner, and Ludlow, the great brains of the Colony. In 1903, after ten years as Solicitor General, he was appointed Attorney General of Trinidad. There is no doubt that if he had lived, he would have been Chief Justice of the Colony. Referring to his death, before the Court, Hendrickson said: "Mr. Vincent Brown was the ablest Attorney General the Colony has had; and in his death, the sun of the Trinidad bar has set."

Mr. Brown's brother, Mr. Augustus Brown, the acting Solicitor of Trinidad, survives him, and bids fair to rank with

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his brother, in the law. The funeral of Mr. Brown was the largest ever held in Trinidad. The Justices were his pall-bearers, the high officials attendants, and the populace of Trinidad his mourners. He was a representative of the achievements of black men; and the brilliancy of his intellect overshadowed the color of his skin.

Afro-Americans of Letters

The presence a few days ago of Charles W. Chesnutt, the novelist, in New York, where he came at the request of his publishers, to consult with them upon the early publication of a new novel, impresses the gratifying success which is attending the efforts of Afro-American men of letters, whose works are enjoying great sales, both at home and abroad.

Those who have written, and are writing, and behind whom the world eagerly reads, are Booker Washington, Charles W. Chesnutt, and W. E. Burghardt DuBois. Paul Laurence Dunbar is in a class to himself. He is the most widely read living poet. His publishers have just announced two new books from his pen. They will measure, the authorship justifies the belief, with his former productions. Booker Washington's works rank with the productions of the master minds of any age; they have enjoyed a phenomenal sale the world over and have been translated into a dozen languages. His philosophy is not surpassed by his observing wit; and neither equals his ability to write so men will read. He is both a philosopher and a poet; through all his writings runs a song of hope. Chesnutt is a novelist,

pure and simple. He knows a good tale when he hears it; he knows his subject always, and he knows how to dress it up. Perhaps of what he writes is more of interest than how he writes. DuBois, as yet, has confined his permanent writings to negative essaying; and in this, he is a master-writer because he feels deeply; he writes with his heart, and not from his head. But the world seems to like his wails. Thomas Fortune, perhaps the genius of the day in whatever field of literary endeavor he has figured, promises a book of poems within two months. Some of these poems equal anything Milton wrote, both in conception and poetic power of expression.

Foreign Labor in the South

Within the last few days the agitation to induce if possible, but force if necessary, a large number of the Ellis Island arrivals to the South, has been renewed; and this time with stronger support than ever. The agitation has been reopened to "relieve the embarrassment which that section is experiencing because of the scarcity of labor, and the unreliability of it; together with the seeming disposition of Negroes to leave the farm and flock to the cities." In this latest hunt for foreign labor, every Southern railroad hitched a flag of El Dorado on each engine, and on the rear coach. For the advocates of this new economic thought have very wisely obtained, not only the sympathy, but the actual support of the great trunk lines that traverse the South.

That the immigration, if successful, will disturb Anglo Saxon civilization, there is no doubt. And no one knows this better than the Anglo-Saxon, who is

much concerned as to his civilization; which, however, has a black and mixed population of one third—"a civilization" then, "which is not a perfect civilization." It is not our purpose at this time to discuss this phase of the question. What concerns us, and what should concern the Nation, is the influence such immigration will have, to be confident upon its final success, which we now doubt, and would regret, upon Negro life, his economic life.

T. Thomas Fortune, in a paper of great worth, read before the Indianapolis session of the Negro Business League, pointed out that the great bulk of Afro-Americans must sink to the level of pariahism, unless they hold on to the trades, and enter them more proportionately than now; and unless more men of the race engage in business. While this is true, in a measure, the race will sink to pariahism no sooner by neglecting the trades and business, than by failing to remain master of the farm labor of the South, over which it now has undisputed sway. With this must go the determination to continue control of the industries and common labor. This cannot be done unless they remain on the farms and exercise stability in every-day work. It might just as well be said now, however, that Afro-American people are not going to remain on the farms unless they receive more protection than they now receive; and they are not going to perform every-day labor with any certain amount of reliability unless they receive better treatment and more pay. Assuring them of this protection and this increase in living wages, will be found less expensive to the South, than

the presence of any foreign labor class with their anarchy and strikes and filth.

Their presence in the South means and only means, that they will supplant Negro labor; both in the field and public work. And such supplanting means the reduction of the Negro to poverty. This can only be prevented by the leaders in the South, and in the North where colored men are practically shut out from public work because of this foreign element, preaching the doctrine of the ownership of the soil, and the necessity for stable work and skilled training. Verily we have a condition confronting us, which calls for heroic treatment; and the treatment should be applied without fear. Mere academic discussion of the relative necessity of the so-called higher training and industrial education is of no value—hardly as much as the men who are crazily preaching this all-book gospel—in face of the loss of opportunities for meat and bread the Afro-Americans have sustained and are sustaining. This immigration scheme, and its cause, which we know but regret to express, must be held up before them in its true light. The larger cities of the South have this problem on their hands now; and along with it they have Afro-American pauperism. The condition should not extend to the smaller towns and the farms.

The National Baptist Convention, the conferences of the various churches in the South, and the institutions of practical education, should make an effort to acquaint the people with this new departure, and its sure effect upon their existence. The railroads, which have been fairly disposed to us heretofore,

have seemingly tired of warning. Perhaps after awhile it will be too late. The Southern Negro will not have to contend with this new menace, if he will labor steadily and intelligently.

The President's Message

The last session of the 58th Congress met on the first Monday in December. A motion to adjourn immediately, out of respect for the memory of the late Senators George Frisbie Hoar and Matthew Stanley Quay, was sustained. On the following Tuesday the President's message, a lengthy state paper dealing with governmental affairs with an unprecedented freedom, couched in the most simple but impressive language, was read.

The President's message touched every conceivable question, except southern suffrage; from medals of honor for "recognized heroism upon the water" to the Philippine people, or as the President explains, "the many tribes, and even races, who go to make up the people of the Philippine Islands." There is an air of familiarity running through the entire message, rarely if ever noted in a presidential message.

Next to the sublime silence of the President upon southern disfranchisement, with which, however, he will deal hereafter, is noted his semi-reticence on the tariff proposition, which is a victory for the "stand-patters" and the "Tariff League."

Colored people generally are not only surprised, but disappointed, because the President failed to recommend to Congress the reduction, or better the investigation into, southern representation. But there was deserting neither the

Republican platform nor his original stand for a pure ballot, a fair count, and impartial representation, in the President's silence. There is a method in it, we believe; and we know at the proper time, Roosevelt will speak out.

Two Bills on Suffrage

But the New York Republican Club came to the colored man's rescue; and through Senator Platt, in the Senate, introduced a measure, general in its "terms and application," looking to a reduction in the unfair representation of the South in Congress. The bill was accompanied by a statement, which is more interesting in its character and more specific in its purpose than the bill. The statement begins its apology for the birth of its child; after that its provisions call for a reduction of only nineteen southern congressmen. "The bill is framed upon the lowest limitation possible, and treats as excluded from the suffrage only the male Negro citizens over twenty-one years of age, classed by the twelfth census as illiterate," which, then, is manifestly unfair to colored citizens, and consequently cannot answer the purpose for which it accuses itself to represent.

But the statement faces a fact, and exposes the disfranchisement of Afro-American men, some of whom are more able than their misrepresentatives, in this sentence: "how much further, meritoriously considered, the reduction should extend, can readily be arrived at by more specifically regarding the actual facts of total exclusion in respect to each state." If the "reduction should extend" further the bill ought to call for it. To be half-way right, is to be entirely wrong. To

half-apologize for any wrong, is not to condemn it in the least. This bill does not cover the truth, if it does cover the spirit of "that clause in the Republican platform." For an example, the bill calls for a reduction in Mississippi's congressional representation, of from eight to six, when it ought to be reduced to three; because five-eighths of that state's voting population are actually excluded from the ballot.

A second bill was introduced by Congressman Morrell of Pennsylvania, which calls for a complete reduction, and effecting only the states that have limited the suffrage. This bill is the bill which should be passed; and eventually, as the NEW YORK POST observes, the North will "at least demand that the South take

the Constitutional consequences of its course," which is notoriously wicked and premeditatedly unfair.

Afro-Americans in the Soudan

During the past month three Tuskegee men have sailed for the Soudan, where they go to experiment in agriculture, and superintend the construction of public improvements. Gradually colored men are being called to these positions of responsibility, which heretofore have been placed into the hands of New England white men. Tuskegee has blazed more than one path for men of the race who have education and ability. Booker T. Washington has done more in affording opportunities for the race to prove its metal than, perhaps, will ever be credited to him.

THE CUP OF KNOWLEDGE

BY CHARLES BERTRAM JOHNSON

THEY brought me, tempting-red, Life's richest wine,
The mad thirst four hundred years did create,
My soul was maddened with desire to sate,
At one draught, deep-drawn, vital and divine ;
I lifted with passionate haste and nigh,
The Cup of Knowledge to my famished lips,
Like hungry flames unchecked in stubble dry,
Athrough my veins red riot to the tips.
The æons that my soul, like smothered flames,
Burned with fierce ardor wild and was restrained,
My soul in silence cherished mighty aims,
And longed to tread in fields then unattained ;
At last enfreed I stood in manhood's peace
Full conscious of my soul's divine release.

The Balance of Power

By EDITH ESTELLE BULKLEY

"**W**INNIE! Pretty Winnie!" screeched the poll parrot.

"Shut up, you infernal beast, till the right time, will you?" Carlton shouted.

The parrot tossed its head, looked wise, and closed with a hollow laugh.

"Oh, pretty Winnie!" it cried again saucily.

Carlton, thoroughly vexed, let the parrot have the nearest thing handy, and the parrot ceased its cries as a photograph rack, neatly folded, struck against its cage.

"Oh ! Oh !" was all the parrot said.

Carlton prided himself that he was not cruel, so he amended by giving polly a cracker, although he took her out of the room and left her alone in the kitchen, closing the door between. He glanced at the clock as he returned to the room. Already ten—and Winnie due at half-past! Well, he was ready anyway—everything was in order, and he felt proud of his den.

"Everything," he said half aloud, "except this old rack." Carefully he picked up and unfolded the weapon which had defended him against polly's saucy tongue; a thrill passed over him such as he always felt when he handled it. He had, he acknowledged, many curios in his den, but not one that possessed a power like that. It wasn't new when he bought it of the gipsy woman, and many times since he would have

given much to know its history; he recalled how she had forced him to buy it, so compelling were the flashes of her black eyes. Who was it that had eyes that reminded him of hers? Winnie, his fiancee, who, with her old nurse as chaperon, had promised to visit his den that morning. He arranged the room to the best order for his visitor, and displayed all his curios.

Carlton took the rack and put it against the wall; the knobbed corners, in the form of satyrs, made frightful grimaces at him. He measured carefully the position of the nail, so that the rack would hang correctly; he tried it here, he tried it there. But alas! it was the same old trouble he had always experienced when trying to hang it; it would not hang evenly. Disgusted, he took it down.

"There is neither beauty of design nor accuracy of workmanship about it," he said grimly.

However, he again measured the distances on each side of the nail; they were exactly even, and in a determined way, he swung the rack for the last time upon it.

"Even if it doesn't balance in itself" he said, "perhaps I can place the pictures so they will balance it." And this reasoning, though faulty and wicked, seemed to satisfy him.

Diving down under his book case, he brought up a large stack of photographs

—his Bessies and Rosies and Kates and Lauras, and down at the bottom, the largest one of all, that of the widow. This last he took up almost caressingly, and studied long. Handsome, but wicked, the face on the card looked back at him, and he recalled the owner's words of the previous morning when he had seen her off for Europe.

"I have not ruined you," she said. "Go back to your Winnie. You will be happy with her, and I am never coming back. To-night you will find it is Winnie you love." Carolton knew by her eyes that she would never come again, and he was glad. How glad too he was that Winnie would never know about her; he knew she didn't, for surely she would have mentioned her, when that same night, true to the widow's words, he had sought Winnie, and obtained favor from her.

Half past ten! And Winnie had not come yet! Still he thought it kind of her to give him some grace, moments in which to put the finishing touches to his questionable arrangements. And he would quickly arrange the pictures on the rack, and settle down to await the coming of his gipsy queen, as he loved to call Winifred, with her (all black) eyes and blue-black hair. She was queenly made up, to be called a beauty prize.

Carolton took the small pictures and placed them in one corner of the rack — that fated rack! He tried to apply all his limited knowledge of the principles of balance, harmony, and rhythm. The one corner, where he had placed all the small pictures, swung to the side; Carolton quickly seized the large picture of

the widow and placed it in the opposite diagonal corner. It seemed to produce a perfect balance — he watched eagerly — but no, it was heavy and overbalanced on the rack.

With a cry, Carolton snatched the pictures, then the rack, and tossed them together upon the sofa. Oh tell-tale rack! Here was his own life reproduced — himself the rack, crude and imperfect in itself, the widow, the one great influence in his life that overbalanced everything else, and whom he now hated. One gleam of hope remained. Could Winifred's picture produce the balance?

He hoped she would remember to bring it with her as she had promised. While he hoped and dreamed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. He knew it was Winnie coming — light, graceful, Winnie, his gipsy queen.

The joy of her approach buoyed his spirits, and as she rapped, he called, "Come," and then in a playful mood hid quickly behind the portiere — he forgot it was translucent. He heard Winifred enter, followed by Alice — an excellent chaperon, Carolton thought, and not a bit curious. He waited with child-like impatience to hear what Winifred would say because of his absence, and he was quite surprised and disappointed at her silence. He soon tired and came forth.

"Sorry to keep you waiting so long," he said, at the same time greeting them.

"Then why didn't you come out from behind the portiere?" Winifred laughed. "You acted like you thought we were some of your creditors."

Carolton punished her by stealing a

hair-pin and a kiss, but, being a man of honor, he lost no time in returning both.

"You are my creditor," he said finally, "for I am indebted to you for the pleasure of this visit."

"Oh, I assure you the 'pleasure is all mine,'" Winifred returned mockingly, throwing aside her fur, "isn't that what you men say?"

Carolton laughed, took her fur, and went to the kitchen to get polly whose hour of triumph had arrived.

"This is my mascot, companion, and love," he said, setting polly on a table.

"Ah then, so I have a rival!" Carolton winced all in a second, and he wasn't thinking of polly either.

"Yes, but an unambitious one, listen!"

"Polly! Pretty Polly!" screeched the bird.

"She is a knowing bird," Carolton remarked.

"Any parrot can call itself pretty," Winifred answered, with feigned disgust.

"Yes, but listen," Carolton coaxed, uttering a swift prayer that polly might say the right thing. "Listen Winnie!" he repeated loudly, as if to encourage the bird.

"Winnie! Pretty Winnie!" Polly cried obediently and they laughed, while Carolton heaped compliments upon the bird for its well-timed speech, lessons in which he had been giving it for days past.

In the joy of it all, Carolton forgot his sorrows of the previous hour; he was in a paradise now. Old Alice had found a shrine in the parrot while Carolton showed Winifred all over his den. He had meant to put the rack out of sight, before Winifred should come, but

the idea had slipped his mind, so there it lay on the sofa with the pictures beside it, in full view. This was quite unfortunate too, for Winifred had eyes all around. Photographs, more especially a bachelor's photographs, are of great interest to girls, more so to the girl to whom he is engaged.

"What's this, Rae?" Winifred asked innocently enough.

"Oh that?" Carolton tried to laugh lightly, but failed miserably, sounding like the parrot, that at the very moment was laughing for Alice's amusement and edification. "Why that's a photograph rack and some pictures I was trying to put up."

"And you haven't an artist's eye for arrangement so you left it for me," Winifred finished.

"Yes," answered Carolton, glad of any escape from the truth.

He did not deem it necessary to explain how he had failed to make the rack balance. Winifred would find out all too soon that there was something radically wrong in the very construction of it. He watched the lines of her face as she took up the rack.

"Isn't it lovely, Rae" she said. "These satyrs seem to smile pleasantly at me. Somehow I feel as if I had seen the rack somewhere before."

"The woman I bought it of said there was none other like it in existence."

"Oh she only told you that to make a sale. Who was she?"

"A gipsy, and she had eyes and hair just like yours," Carolton answered promptly, and he noticed more closely than ever before the resemblance between his own Winifred and that gipsy woman.

"Thank you." Winifred returned with slight coldness.

"Oh, but your eyes and hair are beautiful!" Carolton hastened to explain.

"Oh, certainly." Winifred answered boldly.

Carolson thought her angry but she turned those black eyes in question upon him and laughed.

"I'm at fault, Rae," she said, "I had no business to be so personal. Now you be real good while I put the rack and pictures up."

"Did you bring the picture you promised me?" Rae asked eagerly.

"Well—maybe I did." Winifred replied with sufficient ignorance to assure him that she had. "Be patient."

Just as he had, earlier in the morning, Winifred unfolded the rack to its fullest length, admiringly. She turned it around with the back toward her, and saw how it fastened. She placed it on the same nail that Carolton had driven for it. She steadied it, then took her hand away. It hung there—a perfect balance.

"Doesn't it look lovely on the wall?" she said. "It is an adornment in itself—minus the pictures. And hasn't it a peculiar fastening at the back?"

"Yes," said Carolton, gazing at it, but for his life he would have sworn there was no such fastening when he had hung the rack. He took his chair again. Well, if he was the rack as he had called himself, at least he was not a hopeless case. Winnie had produced a balance in him. But how would it be with the pictures?

"Now," continued Winifred, laughing at her success, and ready to achieve

further victory, "I enjoin you, perfect silence while I place the pictures thereon. Do you promise? You see an artist must not be disturbed in his work."

"I promise."

Lucky it was for him and good it was of her, that she had enjoined him to silence, for how could he have kept his voice under normal control, as he saw her begin placing the pictures as he had—the small ones in the upper right hand corner. And when she had placed these to her liking, she too, like Carolton tried to produce a balance by placing the large picture of the widow at the bottom of the rack. It would not balance; she added one and another picture to the upper corner, and so on until all the small pictures were utilized, but ever the widow's picture overbalanced all.

All this time, Winifred had not even glanced at Carolton, being too intent on her work. At last in a vexed way, she spoke, though without turning.

"Isn't it funny you haven't enough smaller pictures to overbalance that large one?" Then, turning around, she shot the leading question:

"Who is she anyway?"

She caught the strange look on Carolton's face.

"Rae," she said, coming toward the Morris chair in which Carolton was sitting, "I don't like that picture." And there was something in her voice that went straight to Carolton's heart.

"Neither do I, Winnie—any more," he returned feebly.

"Is she the widow, Rae?" Winifred asked in a hushed tone. Alice was in the kitchen, where she had taken the parrot; Alice trusted her charge.

"Yes, Winnie," Carolton returned, "she is the widow," and he did not seek to learn who had told Winifred of her. "Throw her picture away, if you wish."

"No, Rae, I will not do that," Winifred replied quietly, and she took, from a package she had brought, her own photograph. "Look Rae," she said to Carolton, who felt way down in the depths.

Carolson obeyed, and Winifred, going once again to the rack, placed, thereon, the photograph with those small ones in the upper corner. For the first time, the corner where the widow's picture had been placed, swayed the other way. Winifred Forrester had overbalanced the widow. Carolton looked radiant. He knew, now, that it wasn't only the picture of Winifred that overbalanced the widow's picture, but Winifred real flesh and blood, was more than conquering that evil influence.

The result was happy, and Carolton felt like a boy, as he laughed and joked with Winifred about the gipsy fortuneteller, of whom he had bought the rack. "He had not seen her since," he said.

"Nor," he added, "do I think she ought ever to come to me again with things to sell. You should have seen her coaxing me to buy it. Such eyes! 'You need it,' she said, 'it is your fortune, and is of use to no other person.'"

And, being in a good mood, Carolton jocosely told Winifred of his failure to hang the rack correctly. She laughed, but thought deeply upon the tale.

"Of course, Rae, if you got any other picture of the same weight as mine, it would have over-balanced the widow's. But isn't it funny, Rae," she added, and turned her black eyes full upon him, "isn't it funny that I should happen to be the one who held the balance of power?"

TO BE CONTINUED



YEARS THAT ARE TO COME

BY JAMES D. CORROTHERS

¶ Stream of Time, each wavelet year
Shall lose its own in thee,—
From source unknown to disappear
In vales of mystery.
Though vast and deep they move along,
Thy waters be not glum;
For, list! they chant a murmured song
Of years that are to come.

O years that are to come, I know
Not what ye hide from me,
In thy dark waters, as they flow
Into eternity;
What joy commingles with the tears
That fleck thy veiling foam,
O far, dim, mystic, silent years—
Long years which are to come.

O years, the years that passed, we may
Behold them wind along
Thro' Memory's pleasant, shady way,
And list their low, sweet song;
But ye, still years, so gently steal
Us hence and bear us home,
We scarce the languid current feel,
O years that are to come.

Majestic river, deep in thee
Embosomed secrets hide,
That ne'er shall reach humanity —
Save with thy moving tide.
The magic of their beauty shall
Make poets of the dumb
When faltered songs, like mine, must fail
In years that are to come.

How sweet thy mellow song shall be,
When thou hast lulled asleep
The discords of humanity
That make thee sob and weep.
The music of thy moving then
Will thrill the hearts of some;
For Peace shall walk the earth again,
In years that are to come.

O vestal waters robed in haze!
O mirrored, tranquil tide!
On thy enchanted course I gaze,
As on thy ripples glide;
Tho' in the dark depth pictures gleam,
I hear a voice speak low:
"You dream, but, ah! were Life a dream,
Time's waters would not flow."

Flow, O thou stream incessant flow.
Nor reck' if in thy wave
The leaves of sorrow fall like snow,
And storms around may rave.
The storms that fret thy bosom wide
Must in the distance cease;
And leaves in thy resistless tide
Shall be submerged in peace.

O years that still shall roll along,
When I am silent clay,
If, 'chance, ye find this faltering song,
Do with it as ye may;
But, sweetly as the morning bright
Dispels the shrouding gloom,
Turn thy dark features to the light,
O years that are to come.

Yule-tide Celebration at Tuskegee

By M. MARTELLA YORK, '05

TUSKEGEE is radiant at Christmas time with happy hearts and smiling faces. Fifteen hundred young people seem to have caught something of the spirit of the little Christ-child whose birthday they are celebrating. Several weeks before Christmas the girls, with the spirit of giving in their hearts, are busy crocheting, sewing, embroidering and their deft fingers fashion dainty gifts for teachers, classmates and friends. They feel that their presents will be more appreciated if they are hand made. Presents are given, not only to those who give in return, but the ones who are unable to give anything in return receive many tokens of love and remembrances from teachers and schoolmates.

At noon on the day before Christmas, shop and school rooms are vacated. With the lull in the almost ceaseless activities of our school, comes the realization that Christmas has actually come again. One whole day and a half is a long time in Tuskegee with no special duties to perform, for Tuskegee is a hive of industry. As soon as dinner is over several of the boys get wagons and go to the woods to gather holly, mistletoe and other evergreens with which to decorate the dining hall for Christmas day. When this is brought to the hall, the girls and boys begin to make wreaths and designs for the decorations. Most of the afternoon is spent in decorating

and it is needless to say that a great deal of fun is interspersed. So much activity transforms the dining hall at last into great bowers of foliage. The remainder of the evening is spent in wrapping up the presents. Many mysterious looking packages are placed on the breakfast table early Christmas morning.

No one waits for the rising bell to ring on this day. Eager and joyous, the students hasten to and fro through the dining room with packages of all shapes and sizes, and when the breakfast bell rings at half past six the fifteen hundred students are all ready to take their places at the tables. There is also a surprise from the Principal in the shape of fruit, candy, and nuts. After grace has been chanted, the usual Christmas greetings are exchanged between table mates. Everybody seems to be happy. When breakfast is over most of the students station themselves near a window to watch for their boxes which are to come from home. Santa Claus keeps the expressmen busy. Usually four large wagons are kept in use all of the morning carrying packages from the express office in town to the school.

At twelve o'clock, a special Christmas dinner is served, — turkey, sweet potatoes, celery, rice and pumpkin pie disappear with magical rapidity. The dining hall which has had a few extra touches added to the decoration of the day before is darkened and lighted with

electric lights during the dinner hour, and the student orchestra adds the final festive note.

The most exciting moment of the day however is at three o'clock in the afternoon, when everybody goes out to see the foot-ball game played on our campus, between Tuskegee and a visiting team. Then the Tuskegee colors of crimson

and gold can be seen flying everywhere, for the "Tuskegee Tigers" must win!

Christmas day ends with a reception for the foot ball heroes. All of the students and teachers are invited and the majority go. At ten o'clock, dormitories are closed and the students retire to dream of the joys of one of the happiest days of their lives.

COMPENSATION

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

BECAUSE I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God, in his great compassion,
Gave me the gift of song.

Because I have loved so vainly,
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master, in infinite mercy,
Offers the boon of Death.

From LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

* Does Tuskegee Educate?

By ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE

THAT the Negro needs industrial training in eminent degree, because the capacity for continuous labor is a requisite of civilized living; because, indeed, the very first step in social advance must be economic; because the industrial monopoly with which slavery encompassed black men has fallen shattered before the trumpet blast of white labor and eager competition; and finally, because no instrument of moral education is more efficient upon the mass of men than cheerful and intelligent work,—these ideas powerfully voiced, together with an unusually magnanimous attitude toward the white South, have set the man who toiled doggedly up from slavery, upon a hill apart. These things are distinctive of this man; they suggest his temper, his spirit, his point of view; but they do not exhaust his interests.

The distinctive feature of Tuskegee, its provision for industrial training sets it upon a hill apart, but by a whimsical perversity this major feature is in some quarters assumed to be the whole school. A glance at the institution, a moment's reflection, show such a view to be mistaken. The very industries pre-suppose a considerable range of academic study; Tuskegee does not graduate hoe-hands or plow-boys. Agriculture is, of course, fundamental,—fundamental in recognition of the fact that the Negro population

is mainly a farming population and of the truth that something must be done to stem the swelling tide which each year sweeps thousands of black men and women and children from the sunlit monotony of the plantation to the sunless iniquity of the slum. But, the teaching of agriculture, even in its elementary stages, pre-suppose a considerable amount of academic preparation. How can chemical fertilizers be carefully analyzed by a boy who has made no study of general chemistry, and how can a balanced ratio be adjusted by an illiterate? Similarly, the girl in the laundry does not make soap by rote but by principle; and the girl in the dress-making shop does not cut out her pattern by luck or guess or instinct or rule of thumb, but by geometry. And so the successful teaching of the industries demands no mean amount of academic preparation.

But, Tuskegee seeks not merely to train young men and women to industry but also to educate them for life. A public service has been rendered by Hampton and Tuskegee in proving that industrial training—the system by which the student learns by doing and is paid for the commodities he produces—may be so managed as to educate. Among the excellencies of industrial training, I would mention the fact that the severe commercial test in which sentiment plays no part, is applied as consistently to the student's labor as is the

* An address delivered at a Tuskegee Educational Meeting in Old South Church, Boston, Dec. 4, 1904.

force of gravitation to a falling body ; the unavoidably concrete nature of the product, whether satisfactory or not; the discipline such training affords in organized endeavor; the stimulus it offers to all the virtues of a drudgery which, though it repel an unusually ardent and sensitive temperament, yet wears a precious jewel in its head ; and an exceptionally keen sense of responsibility, since on occasion large amounts of money and the esteem of the school at large, and the lives of a student's fellows depend upon his circumspection and skill. I say, such training educates.

That would, indeed, be a sorry program of education which blinked at the fact that the student must be rendered responsive to the nobler ideals of the human race, that his eyes must be opened to the imminent values of life. If a clear title to 40 acres and a mule represents the extreme upper limit of a black man's ambition, why call him man ? If a bank account is the sun of his happiness, that happiness lacks humanity. If you would educate for life, you must arouse spiritual interests. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. Through history and literature, the Tuskegee student is brought to develop a criticism, an appreciation of life and the worthier ends of human striving. In this lies the utility of Tuskegee's academic department. To such a discipline, however, elementary, New England will not, I take it, deny the name "education."

And, if your idealism wavers in contemplating the problems of trudging Negroes, remember that the type of Negro who is a menace to the community

is he who in moments of leisure responds to somewhat grosser incentives than the poetry of Longfellow and the romance of Hawthorne and the philosophy of Emerson. I would reassure your idealism with this counsel of prudence.

Another question presses ; does the value of Tuskegee lie in the fact that the school equips for happy lives merely as many persons as are subjected to the immediate play of its influence, that its circle of efficiency includes only as many as are enrolled in its various courses? To that question every teacher in the school and the mass of graduates and students would give an emphatic, a decisive, No ! The real value of the school lies in the service rendered to the people of the communities where these young folks go to live and labor. Now, work in wood and iron, however, assiduously prosecuted, never erected in any human being's heart a passion for social service; a finer material must be used, a material finer than gold. And so the plan and deeper intent of the institute are incapable of realization without the incentives supplied by history and literature.

Finally, there is a trade for which the academic studies, supplemented by specific normal instruction, are the direct preparation, — teaching school.

In the census year there were over 21,000 Negro school teachers in the United States and in the decade 1890-1900 the rate of increase was more than twice as rapid as that of the Negro population ; but nevertheless, there were in 1900 more than twice as many teachers in the South per 10,000 white children as per 10,000 colored. But, such data cannot even approximately

indicate the relative amounts of teaching enjoyed by these two classes of children, for the statistical method cannot express the incalculable disparity in teaching efficiency. A friend of mine — a graduate of Brown University — he is — was for several years a member of a board which corrected the examination papers of Negro candidates for teachers certificates in a certain Southern State where the school facilities for the Negro population are really exceptionally good, but he confessed to me that repeatedly not a paper submitted deserved a passing mark but the Board was "simply compelled to grant certificates any how in order to provide teachers enough to go around!" Nor is such a dearth of black pedagogues in the least extraordinary. The mission of Tuskegee Institute is largely to supply measurably well equipped teachers for the schools, — teachers able and eager to teach gardening and carpentry as well as grammar and arithmetic, teachers who seek to organize the social life of their communities upon wholesome principles, tactfully restraining grossness and unobtrusively proffering new and nobler sources of enjoyment. And so the academic studies are wrought into the essential scheme of Tuskegee's work.

Let us inspect with some closeness the organization of the institution. The student body is fundamentally divided into day students and night students. The night students work in the industries, largely at common labor, all day every day and go to school at night, thus paying their current board bills and accumulating such credits at the Treasurer's office as will later defray their expenses in the day school. The day school

students are divided perpendicularly through the classes into two sections, section No. 1 working in the industries every other day for three days a week and attending academic classes the remaining three days, while this situation is exactly reversed for section No. 2. Thus, every week day half of each day school class is in the Academic Department while the other half is in the Industrial; this arrangement induces a wholesome rivalry between the students of the two sections and effects an equal distribution of working force and skill over every week day. The day school students consist, then, of two classes of persons, — those who, as night students, have accumulated credits sufficient to pay their way in the day school; and those whose families are able to pay a considerable part of their expenses. The earnings of a student in the day school cannot be large enough to pay his current board bill, but such a student is ordinarily enjoying the valuable advantage of working at one of the more skilled trades. The night school student, perhaps, because of greater maturity in years and experience, may be relied upon to apply himself with utmost diligence to his academic studies; so, in much less than half the time allotment, he advances in his academic studies about half as fast as the day school student. This schedule did not spring full-fledged from the seething brain of any theorist; it is no fatuous imitation of the educational practice of some remote and presumptively dissimilar institution; it has, so to say, elaborated itself in adjustment to the actual needs of the particular situation. This provi-

sion boasts not of novelty but of utility ; though not ideal, it is practicable. But, the central fact for this discussion is that this Tuskegee plan, while clearly securing ample time for the teaching of the industries, makes possible no mean amount of academic study.

The more clearly to exhibit the grounds of this proposition, I shall refer in some slight detail to the course of study in English and in mathematics.

Mathematics represents the group of academic studies which possess direct technical value for the industries ; moreover, it is a pretty good index of the grades comprehended in the Academic Department. In the lowest class in the day school—there is one lower in the night school—the arithmetical tables are mastered and fractions introduced and developed with the use of liquid, dry, surface, and time measures; whereas in the Senior class, algebra is studied through simultaneous quadratics and plane geometry through the first four books of Wentworth. That is to say, the lowest day school class is about equivalent to what you know as a fourth grade and the Senior to the first or second year in your high school. Despite a much smaller time allotment, our students, roughly speaking, keep pace with yours, because they are older and somewhat more serious, because the course is shortened by the elimination of uselessly perplexing topics in arithmetic like compound proportion and cube root, but chiefly because the utility of mathematics is made vivid and vigorous interest aroused by its immediate application in classroom and shop to problems arising in the industries. Our students

are not stuffed with rules and definitions, mathematical or other ; they ascend to general principles through the analysis of concrete cases.

English serves to represent the group of studies that exert a liberalizing influence upon the student, that possess a cultural rather than a technical value. From oral lessons in language in the lower classes, the students advance to a modicum of technical grammar in the middle of the course, and hence to the rhetoric of the Senior year. Moreover, an unusually large amount of written composition is insisted upon, the compositions being used not merely to discipline the student in chaste feeling, consecutive thinking, and efficient expression, but also to sharpen his powers of observation and to stimulate him to pick out of his daily experience the elements that are significant. School readers are used in the lower classes because the readers present economically and compactly a whole gamut of literary styles and forms. These readers are importantly supplemented and gradually superseded by certain classics appropriate to the grades; the classic, whether "Robinson Crusoe" or "Ivanhoe" or "Rip Van Winkle" or "The House of Seven Gables" or "The Merchant of Venice," presents an artistic whole and permits the students to acquire some sense of literary structure. The dominant motive in literary instruction is, perhaps æsthetic but I am convinced that the ethical influence of this instruction at Tuskegee is profound and abiding.

However liberal the provisions of the academic curriculum, the value of the department is finally determined by the

devotion and ability of the teachers. Universities and normal schools and the seasoned staffs of public school systems,—from these sources, whether in Massachusetts or California or Georgia, Principal Washington has gathered a force of academic teachers of rare ability and devotion. Eminent for personality rather than for method, these teachers are no tyros in method. In such hands the excellent features of the curriculum are raised to the N-th power.

Finally, academic and industrial

teachers are animated with a sentiment of solidarity, with an *esprit de corps*, which solves many a problem of conflicting duty and jurisdiction and which must impress the student with the essential unity of Tuskegee's endeavor to equip men and women for life. The crude, stumbling, sightless plantation boy who lives in the environment of Tuskegee for three or four years, departs with an address, an alertness, a resourcefulness, and above all a spirit of service that announce the educated man.

Athletics in the American Army

BY THOMAS J. CLEMENT

Troop K, Tenth U. S. Cavalry

THREE are many people who have the absurd idea that the life of a soldier is chiefly one of hardships and inconveniences; and I venture to assert that six tenths of the moderately educated of the eighty millions of Americans to-day have a surprisingly small knowledge of the condition of the regular Army, which stands for the assertion of American honor and the protection of the "Stars and Stripes." Tracing history from the Spartans and Greeks down to the modern American, we find in all the world's great contests a triumph of the robust and hardy over the weak and untrained. The respective armies of the Greeks and Spartans at Marathon and Thermopylae present a striking example of the well disciplined

and hardened soldier who may be outnumbered but never outclassed. The same lesson is learned from the sturdy little Japanese in their struggle against the gigantic but untrained Russians. The results of their athletic training are plainly seen in the fortitude with which they withstand the hardships inevitable in war.

Since the 10th Cavalry has been back in the States from Cuba, and the Philippines, and under the command of its present Colonel, J. A. Augur, there has been a keen and unprecedented interest taken in athletics. From the most excellent showing made by the regiment during the Department meet at Fort Riley, Kansas, in 1903, until now, there has been steady progress in athletic



Photo by Lewis, Troop L, Tenth Cavalry

Taking Running Broad Jump of 22ft.-7in. by Trumpeter Mack, Troop L, Tenth Cavalry

ATHLETICS IN THE AMERICAN ARMY

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Photo by Lewis, Troop I, Tenth Cavalry

The Gridiron Exponents of Troop K, Tenth Cavalry

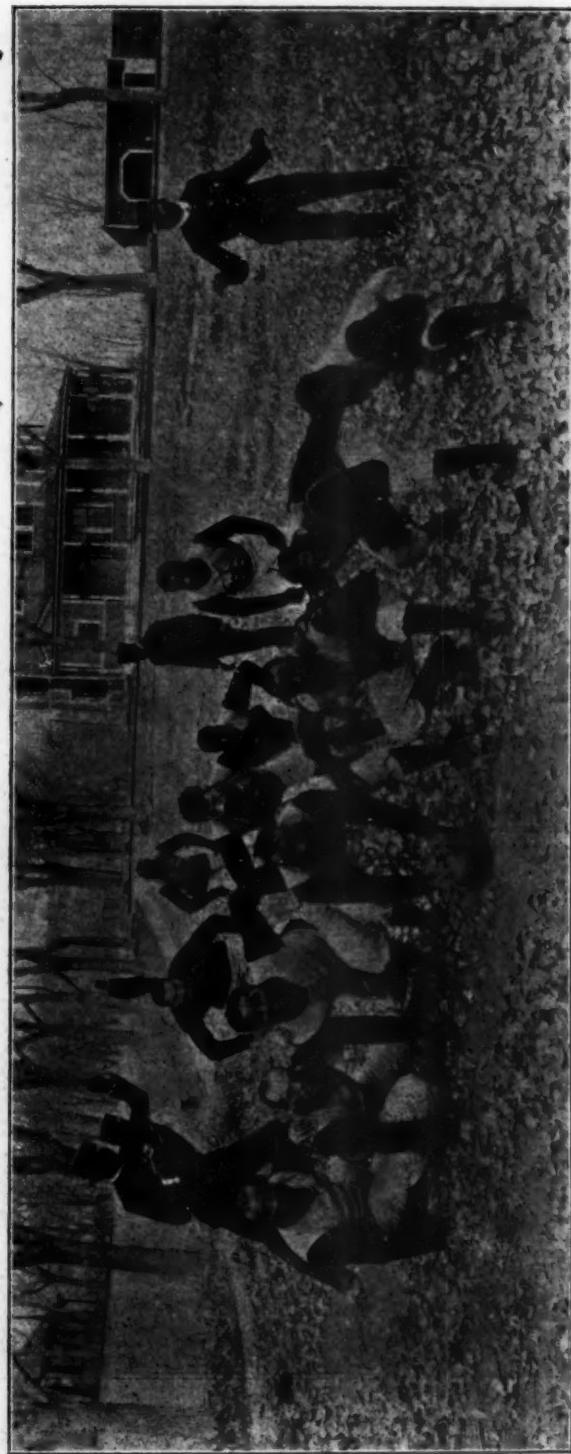


Photo by Lewis, Troop I, Tenth Cavalry

Troop K's, Foot Ball Team Putting Ball into Play

endeavors among the different troops. Especially is this improvement noted during the base ball season, and on field days, when the rival squadrons and troops compete for athletic honors. Although we were defeated in the final game of base ball when Troop K was playing the different teams of the Department at Fort Riley, we returned home highly elated just the same. We had defeated the teams from Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley, shutting Leavenworth out by a score of 5 to 0; and were only beaten by the 25th Infantry team, the only colored regiment there besides the 10th Cavalry.

We get more and more encouragement every year in our athletic work. Field days are set apart during the spring and summer and the competitors are rewarded for their excellence by money prizes, athletic banners for their organizations and the hearty applause of their comrades; and the squadron sentiment and competition makes the interest all the more keen. It might be well to mention some of the features of the Field Day, that contribute to the sports, for the benefit of some of the outside people who are not familiar with the "manners and customs" of the regular Army. Aside from the regular individual contest, such as the hundred yard dash, 220 yard hurdle race, the broad and high jump, etc., a good part of the field-day exercises consist of team work. Mounted wrestling teams (4 men to a team) from troops or squadrons, meet on bare-back horses and wrestle to dismount their opponents; tent pitching teams, (8 men each) for alacrity in performance, this exercise being more

of a troop competition than that of the squadron; and of course I could not leave out the "tug-of-war," which amongst us of the Cavalry branch, is contested on bare-back horses. Another of the most interesting and exciting of the day's events is the horse race,—something equally exciting among soldiers and civilians. The day is generally wound up by a game of base ball between the squadrons. The points of the day are summed up between the troops, and at the end of the season the troop having made the most points during the season is awarded an athletic banner.

During the summer season we have a regular base ball league, and each troop, the band and hospital corps, have scheduled games, which are played on the dates set apart by the Athletic Committee of the regiment, composed of officers; and at the end of the season the team having the highest percentage of winning games is presented with a pennant. Besides these games we have the pleasure of meeting many of the out-side teams, since our post team, made up as it is of the best of them all, is of excellent calibre, and plays quite a few games with neighboring towns. This fall quite an interest has been manifested in foot ball, another great athletic sport. The accompanying photograph will show the "K" Troop team, which has been most successful in its athletic efforts. The writer has the honor to be its Captain and right half back. We have been defeated but once this season, and then only by the small score of 5 to 0.

Thanksgiving was celebrated by a game between the gridiron exponents



Photo by Lewis, Troop I, Tenth Cavalry
Attempt of K Eleven against B's Right, which Failed

ATHLETICS IN THE AMERICAN ARMY

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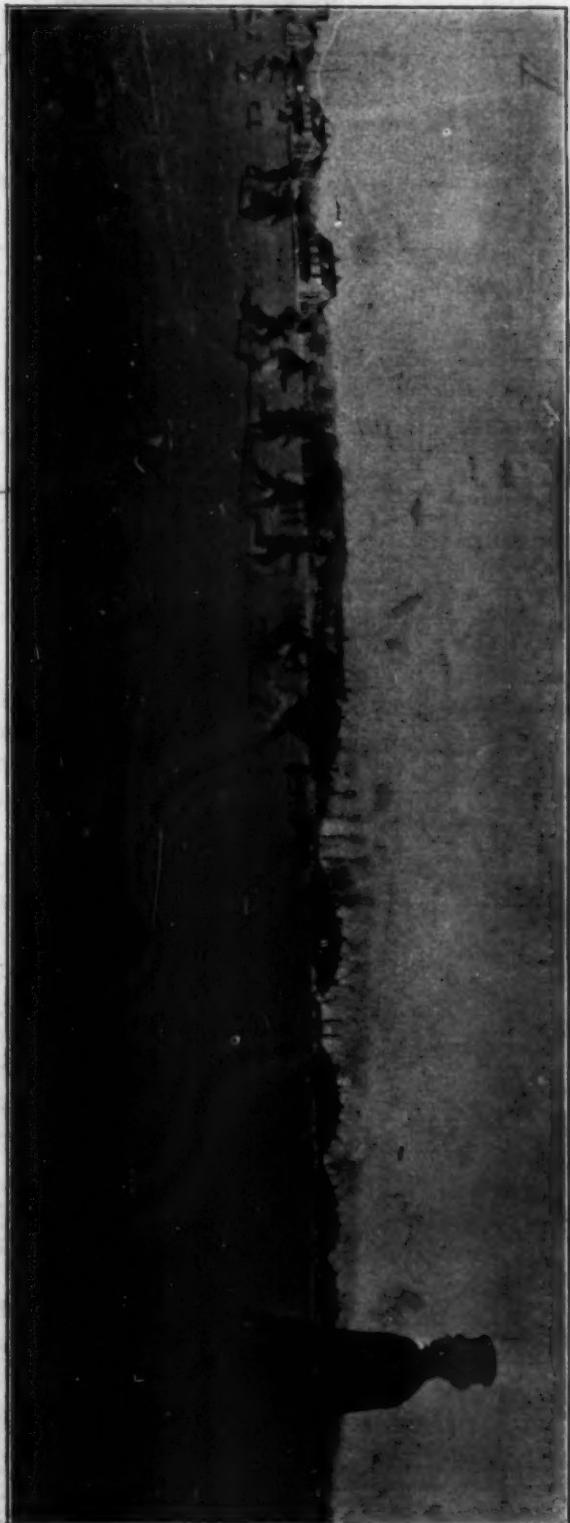


Photo by Lewis, Troop I, Tenth Cavalry

Capt. Clement of K Eleven making a Tricky High Tackle



Photo by Lewis, Troop I., Tenth Cavalry

Left Half-back Bird, Troop B, making Sensational End Run of 70 Yards

of "B" and "K" Troops. The result was a surprise to many who thought that "K" Troop would have a walk-a-way, but we found "B" Troop to be a foe worthy of our steel. It was one of the fiercest engagements between knights of the pigskin ever witnessed by soldiers. Our friends from the 1st Squadron fought with stubborn aggressiveness but the steady retaliation of the heavy "Ks"

held the score to 10 - 10.

Before the appearance of this article we shall have had a great time during the holidays, a season always enjoyed by the soldiers. Our new gymnasium will have been completed before then. After its completion we shall hope for greater accomplishments, because of better opportunities, than we have ever had in indoor athletics.

Our Own Editors and Publishers

A Paper Read at the Soldier's Y. M. C. A.

By CORPORAL JOSEPH M. WHEELOCK

Troop K, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

THROUGHOUT all history, each race, as it became enlightened began publishing the actions of its members and their surroundings, first on scrolls of leather, then on parchment; followed by pamphlets, books and magazines. These parchment rolls and books, preserved as many are, form the basis of our present knowledge of the activities of nations past, although thousands of years have passed since they were written. Publications are accepted as the surest signs of the intellectual progress of a people. I would endeavor to present, to you, my comrades, a record of our publications as taken from the latest statistical report, rendered by competent authority:

We now have five Magazines, viz: THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, monthly; VOICE OF THE NEGRO, monthly;

A. M. E. CHURCH REVIEW, quarterly; A. M. E. Z. CHURCH REVIEW, quarterly; HOWARD'S AMERICAN, monthly; three daily papers, eleven school papers, and one hundred and thirty-six weekly papers.

Does this not show a great development, and a love for culture, considering our advantages and the length of time since "oppression's hand" has been from off us?

Out of all this number of papers and magazines, are we contributing anything, as an individual or organization toward them? Not as a gift; but do we encourage these enterprises of our own with our patronage? Or do we buy our papers and magazines from other people whose greatest aim is to show us in the worst possible form to the world? Do we patronize the man who at all times is ready to minimize our true manliness?

and culture, and magnify our errors? Ask yourselves these questions. * * *

I invite your attention to two magazines published monthly, and controlled by "our own," which are fit for any home. The price of each is small and can be had by any thrifty Afro-American; they are THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE of New York, and the VOICE OF THE NEGRO, of Atlanta, Ga., both of which are managed by some of our ablest men, and have an able staff of writers. Some of our "Smart Set" may say, "I want nothing but the latest and best periodicals, and those that get the latest news." Our press may be a wee bit tardy; but this is due to our own neglect and foolhardiness in failing to support them by our patronage as we should, and eventually must.

As Afro-Americans, soldiers or civilians, it is the duty of each to subscribe to at least one magazine and one newspaper, for in so doing we not only keep

in touch with our best people, but aid in giving employment to "our own." In order to increase the desire for literature both within the soldiers (my comrades) and civilians of this garrison, we have for inspection at our troop's office (Troop "K" 10th Cavalry,) the December number of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and the last issue of THE NEW YORK AGE, the best colored newspaper in the Republic. Any one desiring to subscribe to either of these can do so by paying the price of the periodical, as the price of postage will be paid by our First Sergeant, Robert M. Johnson, who simply does this to advance a good cause. We are not working for any prize or percentage, nor would we accept such from either subscriber or editor. What we do is for the good of "our own Editors and Publishers." We trust that each individual organization (Afro-American) in the U. S. Army will try to do the same.

Christianizing the Black Continent

THE Methodist Episcopal Church is planning to push its African work with more vigor than has heretofore characterized its labors on the black continent. The work can hardly be prosecuted with more sincerity, nor is it very likely that any one other man will accomplish more than Bishop John C. Hartzell, who has labored effectively for a number of years, for the most part in West Africa. He will be assisted and in turn will assist, the Rt. Rev. Isaiah B. Scott, the newly elected Afro-

American bishop, who has sailed for Monrovia already and will enter upon his work immediately. These three bishops will be assisted by the Rev. Alexander P. Camphor, editor of LIBERIA AND WEST AFRICA, the ablest newspaper of the republic, who is also president of the Liberian College, an institution that is rendering great service in an educational way to the Western Coast. Rev. Camphor was a candidate for the bishopric against Bishop Scott.

Scrambled Eggs

BY GERTRUDE DORSEY BROWN

IT was Easter morning. Each room in the big house was in characteristic and suggestive attire. In the dining room and parlors large bouquets of Easter lillies and early violets were in evidence. The library had been temporarily converted into a kind of still life poultry show, for on the mantel and shelves sundry stuffed ducks and candy chickens shared common quarters with rabbits of doubtful origin and eggs of many sizes and all colors. In the dressing rooms, tidy house-maids were spreading out divers and costly arrays of feminine finery,—laces, bonnets and dresses. In the kitchen large baskets of fresh eggs hinted at the possibility of delicious omelets and muffins.

At seven o'clock the family and guests began to assemble in the sitting room, each in turn with bright happy faces and pleasant greetings, but the host, Mr. Grayson, was hungry. He wanted his breakfast; he was conscious that something was wrong, and his sensitive nature seemed to divine by intuition that the domestic economy of his establishment was in immediate danger of dissolution. Accordingly, he walked to the kitchen door and look in. Everything was in scrupulous order, but no where to be seen was cook or serving maid. The fire was not yet lighted in the range, and alas! no signs of breakfast did he see.

"What can this mean,—where the

deuce is Mandy and Bess?" soliloquized the bewildered Mr. Grayson. He rang the servants' bell several time but without response, save from his wife who now came rushing into the entry to inquire into the cause of such delay. Her husband explained, and then added, "It just seems that if we want any breakfast to-day we must prepare it ourselves or wait for the Lord to work a miracle, for there isn't a servant in sight."

"Well I do declare!" and Mrs. Grayson seated herself on the meal bin and for the twentieth time in as many hours, she made a diligent search through her store of resources for some solution to this new problem. Finally she arose and bidding her husband return to their guests she gathered up the train of her elegant gown and hurried from the house. In fifteen minutes she returned, accompanied by an old colored lady and a young girl.

"Now Aunt Caddy, I want you and Lulu to—"

"Look here Mrs. Grayson! Before the war when I belonged to you'uns I was 'Aunt Caddy,' but now I'm 'Mrs. Caroline Somebody' and please, you jes' call me that hereafter." The quiet dignity with which the old lady gave this gentle rebuke awakened both pity and respect.

"Well you must excuse me—I—I didn't know your name in full—At any rate please get us up some breakfast as

soon possible. Thank goodness there are plenty of fresh rolls and butter and cream. Just fry some ham and some potatoes, and cook some eggs, yes, boil some, and fry some, and poach a few and scramble some for the children, and make an omelet or two, and some coffee and — ”

— “ Run along honey! I know how to get an Easter breakfast and that mighty quick, so don’t you worry. ”

An hour later at 8:30 the family were summoned to the dining room, where true to her promise and profession, Mrs. Caroline Somebody had not only provided the prescribed articles, but a tempting tray of hot muffins and fried chicken.

Mr. Grayson exchanged satisfied glances with the lady who presided so gracefully at his board and mentally congratulated himself upon such a valuable possession.

“ My wife, ” he was prone to say, “ is equal to any emergency in the domestic government of the house. She is as graceful and competent in discharging her social duties; and on the whole as handsome a woman as there is in Georgia. ”

It was seven o’clock that evening before husband and wife were free to discuss together the proceeding of a most unusual day. Fortunately the guests and Miss Dora were “ invited out ” for the evening — Aunt Effie and Malcolm had gone to church and the twins were safely stored away for the night, each with a stomach full of hard boiled eggs and a mind filled with wonderful recollections of the Easter tide.

“ Now Elizabeth, do sit in this easy chair with me for an hour or so. Poor little wife, you look so tired, — and Oh, that ugly frown that sits so comfortably on your pretty brow. Tell me dear of what you are thinking? ” and Mr. Grayson took a seat beside his adored Elizabeth, and gently smoothed out the frown on her face.

“ Really Merit, it is hard to explain, but the sum of matter is — I’m worried and perplexed about Aunt Caddy. She actually frightens me sometimes and some how she makes me feel so uncomfortable. When the cook and Bessie left us so unceremoniously, my only resource was a call upon the services of Aunt Caddy. — Now do you know she refuses to be called Aunt Caddy any more? To-day she told me to call her Mrs. Caroline Somebody. ”

“ Mrs. Caroline Fiddlesticks! nonsense! And you have allowed that foolishness to worry you all day? — You see Lizzie it is but another phase of the subject that is agitating not only the individual, the family and the community, but it is stirring up the whole state. What must be done for these ex-slaves who are too poor to live independently of us and who must yet dictate terms of moral and social propriety that would raise the hair of an imperialist? — I say, ‘ crush them.’ I have no patience with such mistaken ideas of citizenship, as are advanced in the legislature by such fellows as Slaughter and Owens. I shall never consent for my daughter Dora, to make an alliance with young Slaughter while he advocates the principles of a doctrine so foreign to the education and so distasteful to the nature of all South-

ern gentlemen. Do you not see in this foolish revolt of Aunt Caddy a spirit of—'I—am—as—good—as—you, Sir?' Lewis struck the key note when he presented his bill providing for separate traveling apartments and for certain restrictions in the suffrage of these people. Now I shall go a step further and shall bring before the municipal council a petition to grant the whites either separate street cars or the reservation of a distinct section of a car, and absolute control of the theatres, concert halls and public parks. Social equality will never do. One drop of the African blood is, in my estimation, sufficient cause for ostracism. Education and all the adornment of music, art, literature and travel can never fully eradicate from our minds the thought that but one drop of blood can make a Negro, and 'Once a Negro, always a Negro.' There ! my dear, I have finished," and Mr. Grayson looked expectantly at his wife as if he had rather anticipated a round of applause or at least some favorable comment.

"Well Merrit, your ideas and mine usually coincide, but in this instance I am bound to disagree, at least I am not in harmony with your proposed method of dealing with these true but simple minded creatures. Aunt Caddy is a type of one class of Negroes who certainly has proved its legitimate title to our respect and confidence. She has been well raised and for honesty and faithful service was rewarded with treachery. My greatest regret is that my own father wronged her as he did."

"Lizzie you are supersensitive."

"Why do you say so?"

"For the reason that you imagine

your father did wrong when he disposed of his own property as he thought best. Aunt Caddie's daughter, although a quadroon and a very beautiful child, deserved no exemption from the lot or condition of the blackest African slave, and in selling her he simply exercised the right of every slave holding gentleman in the South. It but brings us back to the original hypothesis—"Once a Negro, always a Negro." — But let us not discuss the subject any further, and do not let the whims of a half-witted old woman worry or in any way annoy my dear little wife. Not for every Negro in the world would I willingly spare one of your sweet smiles, or see a frown upon this handsomest of all faces," and bending over, the fond husband kissed his wife and bade her good-night.

One month later, the entire state was talking over the wonderful victory of the youngest member of the legislature. How did Slaughter manage it? What right had he, what right had any one, to rule the vote, to induce men to defeat the very bill that they were bound by their constituents to support? But Slaughter did it, and the "keynote" struck by Lewis, received such an astounding shock that after wandering disconsolately over the heads of quandom admirers it suddenly suffered a complete loss of identity.

Flushed with a triumph of a hard earned victory, yet modest in claiming the reward that he felt awaited him, the young giant, Slaughter, presented himself at the Grayson mansion and inquired for Miss Dora. Merrit Grayson, dignified and stern-faced, met the young man who had dared much that he might gain

sacrifice that had been made to keep from their hearts the bitter experience of a fireside containing two vacant chairs.

Supper time came and went and gradually the house became quiet and its inmates composed. The summon which all were expecting, did not come until almost midnight, and then the maid softly opened the door of the sitting room, and motioning to Mr. and Mrs. Grayson said — "Come," and silently they followed her into the presence of death. The seal of the "Great Beyond" was stamped upon the wrinkled yellow face, but intelligence and perfect composure shone in the keen grey eyes, and when she began to speak, the truth of all she said was impressed upon her hearers. The maid was dismissed and the doctor left the room, while in a solemn voice, Mrs. Caroline Somebody began her remarkable testimony.

"I have so much to say to you, and though my time is short, I know the good Lord is goin' to let me tell you all of it. Never mind honey, about my pillow—the burn don't hurt now, I've gone clear past all aches and pains and have stepped into the healing, cooling stream of the River of Life. Forty years ago when I lived on the large plantation with Master and Missus I laid aside the robes of the righteous and not until this very day have I called upon the name of the Lord. Now I see all of my wickedness, and now I know I done scrambled more eggs than I ever intended.

"You see it was like this. Missus was took sick one Easter morning and it was at the town house and nobody was handy to wait on her but me. When

Miss 'Lisbeth was born old Doctor Slaughter hand her to me and say— 'Caddy you take keer of the baby and keep it in your room for awhile until your mistress is better. She's too nervous to have it around her just yet.' Well I was nervous too, but I took the little thing and I done for it all that I could do. That very night my own child was born—a pretty plump little girl, as much like missus' babe as could be 'ceptin' mine had darker hair and much more of it. Old Hannah waited on me and both the children, as much as she could until master bring three or four of the slaves in from the plantation. He come in to see me directly he come back, and he was in powerful bad humor. He say: 'Look here, Caddy, I done left you to take care of my wife while I gone for more servants and what you mean by gettin' sick now and leavin' my wife all alone? I tell you I won't stand no sech airs. Soon as you git up I reckon you'll want to have your brat take all your 'tention and that'll be a excuse for not looking after your young mistress. But my chile comes first, and I reckon the first trader comes along can have yours and take the keer of it offen your shoulders.' At first I was too surprised to say anything, then my Spanish come to the top. I reckon you don't know that my father was Spanish,—well he was. Then I up and says to master:

"'Kernel Claybourne, you wouldn't dar'st to sell my child, for you know that both these children are your own flesh and blood and you know you wouldn't sell the one any sooner than you would the other.' He looked at

me kind a hard like and then he come up to the little crib where both babies lay and say, kind a' soft like: 'Caddy, which of these children belong to your mistress?'

"Now, Hannah, had just had time to dress one of them before she was obliged to go get breakfast, and that one was mine, because it happened to be awake. I wanted to see how it would look in the fine clothes that belonged to 'Lisbeth, and Hannah had dressed it up so cunning, while poor little 'Lisbeth was still asleep in a plain little muslin slip. Well, I could see there was mischief in master's eye and I reckon I got some of the same stuff in mine, for I reached over, past my own baby and picked up little 'Lisbeth and I said to him: 'Now, jest look here, Mast' Claybourn, if my poor little girl had on a fine dress like your'n and was all fixed up, wouldn't she be jest as white, jest as pretty as that chile? Aint my baby as good as missus' baby?' Then he grab up the other baby and say: 'No, not by a damn sight, is your young 'un as good as this,' and he walked out of the room with it and gave it to Molly, who had just come, and tole her to take good care of it and as soon as the doctor come to carry it to its mother. Hannah was kept in the kitchen after that and little black Betty looked after me, so no body but me knew of the exchange. A few days after this master sent for me to come to the liberry. I was pretty weak but I went, and when I got there he said: 'Caddy, you been sick long enough now, so I want you to get breakfast, for Hannah has to go away to help out over at Jedge Whites' during Miss Jessie's wedding. You seem to think

because we always been good to you that you are a great somebody, but it's a mistake. You ain't nobody more'n the rest of your kind. I might as well tell you first as last that I done sold your baby up-river to a speculator in Memphis. Don't do any bad actin' over this affair for it won't count, and jist you turn around in the kitchen and make yourself as useful as you ken; and mind you scramble my eggs for my breakfast. I like them scrambled best.'

"When I left that room I seem to see everything I saw when I had the swamp fever. I k'ew I was almost as sinful as as master, but I was so glad that I had done jest the sort of sinning that I had."

"Good God," broke from the lips of Mr. Grayson, who in the midst of this confession looked longingly and hungrily at his wife, who in turn had drawn her chair nearer to the bed and in a moment had clasped the almost lifeless hand, and whispered "Mother—my own poor mother."

"It does not matter," continued the dying woman, "how long I was getting that breakfast, nor how often I kept saying over and over, 'I certainly done scrambled your eggs.' I cried over dear little 'Lisbeth, when they took her away next day, and then I took mighty sick in my head and Hannah said I didn't know beans from a cock-roach for five weeks. From the day that I began to get better until now, I don't seem to see anything or hear anything but scrambled eggs. Everything around me is mixed with yellow and white. When the war broke out and word came to us that master was sick with yellow fever, up in Tennessee, I jest said to myself, 'Serves

him right, he always would have scrambled eggs, and now let the yellow fever mix itself all through and through that white-livered coward,—yellow and white still makes yellow. Just a little bit of yellow and a lot of white, and bless you it ain't white no more." When mistress began to droop and pine away, I reckon I saw that same yellow mixin' up with the white in her eyes, and though the doctor said it was janders, I knew it was scrambled eggs.

"My time is almost up, but I want to ask you, Mr. Grayson, what you going to do for my daughter? Is she still your wife; is her children your children? I ain't claimin' no relation to yours, but your family is bound to be relations of mine. Now when I'm gone will you leave my daughter and her family to go to the dogs? Will you have your wife ride in a dirty car with the very lowest of 'cullud' people while you sit back in a first class coach and smoke a cigar? Will you take her to an opera, or one of them song concerts and let her sit in the peanut ring, while you are in a fine box? When you enter a hotel or one of them fine eating rooms, will you call the manager aside and say: 'Take this Negro woman back behind the screen to a side table, while I sit with my friends at the first table by the door?'

"When your sons, the twins, become men, will you follow them to the voting place and say: 'You shall vote for this man,' or 'you shan't vote for that man,

because you have no right to choose for yourself. You must vote as I think best?"

"When an honest white man comes and asks you for your daughter, Dora, are you going to say: 'She is a Negro and any one can have her,' or will you say, 'She is my only daughter and no man is quite worthy of her?'

"If your son, Malcolm, is accused of some awful crime, will you join in the cry of 'Lynch him, string him up, he is only a Negro and he don't need a trial?' Tell me, Merrit Grayson, how do you intend to use your share of scrambled eggs?"

With suffering and intense pain written upon every feature, and with a trembling voice, the miserable man answered:

"Before God, I will do all for my family that man can do. I shall continue to love and protect my dear wife and my children, and I shall try to be more just to my fellow men. 'Tis a hard lesson you have taught me but I believe I have learned it well. My wife and my family are, regardless of Negro blood, as good, as pure, and as capable as any family on God's green earth."

He stopped, giving his wife a nod, pointed toward the east window. It was dawn,—and yellow streaks from the rising sun were mingling with the first white lights. A soul was passing away, and the feeble voice, before it was forever silent, softly said: "Yellow and white—scrambled eggs."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Afro-American People of Little Rock

BY HON. JOHN E. BUSH

LITTLE ROCK is the capital of Arkansas and is located in the central part of the state on the left bank of the Arkansas river. It has a population of about 60,000 people, 45,000 being white, and the remaining 15,000 Negroes. The white people living in this city are of the very best kind; whilst they are jealous of their own rights and authority, they are magnanimous enough to accord everyone else that right which the Constitutions of the United States and of Arkansas guarantee to all citizens, without regard to race color or previous condition.

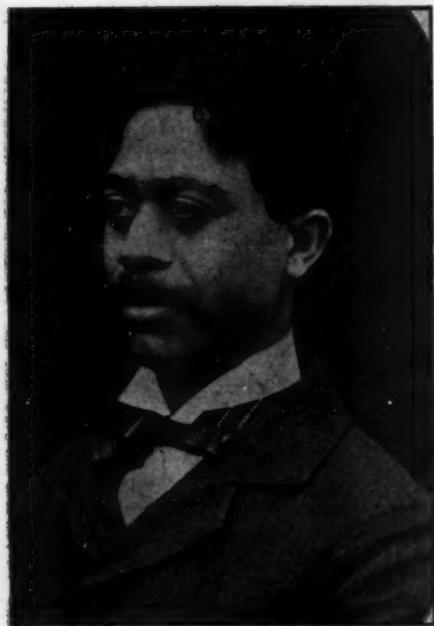
There is no friction of any kind between the two races. The Negro has his own churches, his own schools, his own secret societies, and his own social functions, and as dollars and cents know neither race nor color, when it comes to trade and commercial relation, Negrophobia is very far in the back-ground.

The Negroes have twenty churches of their own; eight are Baptist churches, and of this denomination, the First Baptist church located on the corner of 7th and Gaines, the very heart of the city, is the finest Baptist church in the state. It has a seating capacity of 3,000, being built with a large balcony; the membership is 1,100, and Reverend J. P. Robinson is the pastor. There are two Methodist churches, two Zion Methodist churches, two C. M. E. Methodist churches, three African Methodist churches, one Con-



JUDGE M. W. GIBB
President of Capital City Savings Bank

gregational church, one Presbyterian church, and one Episcopal church. The largest African Methodist church is located on 9th and Broadway, being a very fine two-story structure with a seating capacity of 1,000. There are three colleges: The Philander Smith, with about 600 students; connected with this is the Adeline Smith Home for girls; the Arkansas Baptist College, with about 500 students, and the Williams Industrial, with about 300 students in attendance. All of these colleges are well patronized, and are supported mostly by local aid. The Public School



J. E. HENDERSON
Leading Negro Jeweler of Arkansas

Among the handsomest and most artistic homes in the city are those belonging to the wealthier class of the colored people. There are 1,500 or 2,000 homes owned by the Negroes, and they are not of the Ante-Bellum style, but most of them are built in modern fashion and have as a rule from three to fifteen rooms, well supplied with the latest up-to-date furniture, and you can no longer

tell the house or the residence that a Negro live in, neither from its shape nor its size. Among the colored people are to be found very fine musicians, in every sense of the word, and artists of no mean ability.

Little Rock boasts of more homes being owned by the Negroes than any other city of its size in the United States. The sanitary condition of these homes is good. The Negroes pay taxes on one million and six hundred thousand dollars worth of realty, and other property in this city.

All of the domestic work for the white people as a rule is done by colored servants, and all the public work is also done by Negroes. We have in our city the various trades unions—carpenters, black-smiths, brick-masons, plasterers, and barbers. All of these unions admit colored men, and they work on the public buildings side by side with the white man, and in this respect the race question is unknown; the only rule applied is "the fittest must survive." And in this respect we make no complaint, for we are very desirous that whatever the Negro finds to do, he must do it as well, if not better, than his white brother.



Samuel Coleridge - Taylor *

BY REV. W. V. TUNNELL, D. D.

THE production of great men is the highest function of a race and the proportion of such the obvious measure of its capacity, as well as the criterion of its standing among the ethnic varieties of the world. This law applies to the Negro, as of other races, and the eyes of the world are focussed upon it in a critical and skeptical attitude to discover the degree of its productivity.

When, therefore, a man of unquestionable talent appears with some informing or inspiring message, with some fine artistic interpretation, with some tool or labor saving device or some fresh discovery, he ought to be at once acclaimed as the type of the possibilities of the race, on the principle that great men are the symbols of the capacities of a people and determine their relative status among the peoples of the world.

The Negro race, reckoned among the backward and undeveloped races, is evincing rare and more, as time progresses, notable exhibitions of its innate capacity and more and more is giving earnest evidences of what under more favorable circumstances may with certainty be expected. The achievements in education, invention, literature, science, art, music, diplomacy and in other realms of endeavor are substantial enough and of such quality as to dispel the vagaries

of the speculative ethnological theorist whose main thesis is the eternal and hopeless inferiority of the Negro mind. The numerous examples of superior intellect and of achievements of the highest order along lines of the best development are becoming so numerous and conspicuous that he is a skeptic indeed, who will refuse to revise his judgments and modify his infallible dicta of everlasting sterility as applied to the Negro, or is intellectually incapable, because blinded by race hate or grievance to perceive what is becoming clearer than day. Every notable instance of superior genius or talent in the Negro race, wherever it appears makes it more and more possible for us to reply to every doubting Nathaniel who skeptically or scornfully inquires; "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Come and see!

Among the latest but already foremost among those whom we would present to our doubting or denying interrogator would be the noted visitor whose advent to our shores has been such an event in musical and social circles, the youthful and notable musical prodigy, composer, leader, and instrumentalist, Mr. Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor was born in London in 1875. He is the son of a native African physician, of Sierra Leone, who was educated in London and married there an English woman. The boy early showed precocity in music and when

* This data was gathered for the official program of the Hiawatha concert at Washington.



SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

quite a child was a member of the choir of one of the London churches. He first developed into a violinist, and this paved the way to his later musical training. In 1893, at the age of eighteen, he won a scholarship which secured for him a four years' course in the Royal College of Music, in London, where he studied under the personal direction of that old-world master, Dr. Stanford, himself a noted composer. Before one year had elapsed this colored boy student had written a composition for stringed instruments which Dr. Stanford considered of sufficient merit to render in public under his own direction.

His success as a musical composer has been truly remarkable for a man of his years and has thus stamped him as possessed of musical powers far above the average. In addition to his compositions, which have given him a recognized position among the great musicians of the English speaking people, if not with the whole world of music, he has by his genius as a leader won recognition in the great musical fraternity in England, having been honored by appointment as conductor in some of the most famous musical organizations in Great Britain, where he enjoys the friendship of many of the most distinguished people of his native land.

The rendering of *Hiawatha*, in Washington, D. C., under his leadership, was a noteworthy event in the history of the race in this country. It had been previously rendered with great success by the Coleridge-Taylor Society, under the direction of Prof. J. T. Layton, before an audience hitherto unsurpassed for size, dignity and the pres-

ence of distinguished personages, but that enterprising society would not be content, until the great author of the oratorio himself wielded the baton in his own unique, masterful and magnetic leadership. The audience which greeted the young composer testified its appreciation of his sterling worth. It crowded the great Convention Hall, one of the largest in size in the country, from platform to door, and included among its auditors many of the most distinguished personages in Washington, all vieing with each other in the heartiness and enthusiasm of its applause. The whole ensemble was unique, without a parallel in the history of the race, an event which marked and made an epoch.

Hiawatha has been a pronounced success and has won the highest commendations from expert musical critics in both England and America, having been rendered more than two hundred times in England, and by several of the best Choral Societies in this country, notably in St. Louis, Des Moines, Cleveland (twice,) Boston (three times,) Hartford, Conn., Easton, Pa., Nashville, Tenn., and perhaps in other cities, always with great pleasure and approval. On January 29, 1903, it was rendered by the Royal Choral Society of England, with the King as Patron, in Albert Hall, to an immense and enthusiastic audience, by a Chorus and Orchestra of one thousand. On December 1st, it was be rendered for the sixth time by this famous singing society, probably the most noted in the world.

The "Hiawatha Trilogy" was not originally planned as a whole, it being his intention to set to music "The Wed-

ding Feast" only, which was composed while he was yet a student in response to a very general college request and was performed at a students' concert at the Royal College of Music, November 11, 1898. Its freshness and spontaneity, its simple themic material and ever changing rythm won for it spontaneous approval. The second section, "The Death of Minniehaha," is the outcome of a request made by the committee of the 1899 North Staffordshire Musical Festival that the composer should contribute a choral work to that Festival. It was produced at Hanley on October 26, 1899.

The third section, "Hiawatha's Departure," was written for and performed with the preceding sections by the Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall, London; March 22, 1900.

Besides rendering Hiawatha Mr. Coleridge-Taylor on his recent visit, presented for the first time, his recently composed choral ballads on slavery. He seems to have a partiality for American authors, as his librettos are almost invariably chosen from them.

Perhaps the greatest work of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is a sacred oratorio of distinctly original character, entitled "The Atonement," representing the scenes of the Passion of our Lord. The writer was in England on the eve of its presentation and visited the Cathedral at Hereford at the time when the workmen were preparing that fine old Norman fare for its great triennial musical event, at which Coleridge-Taylor was to present his Atonement at the same time with the Dream of Gevontius by Elgar and the Elijah and the Messiah on one of the three days of the festival.

He received a commission to write the work from the committee of the Hereford, England, Musical Festival, one of the oldest and most exclusive organizations in England. This honor is conferred only upon the foremost composers. It was rendered in England, in September, 1903, at the Hereford Festival and was very well received by the music critics and press. Many of the daily newspapers devoted more than a column to its discussion.

A musical critic of note says: "It is safe to say that 'The Atonement' shows a broader and deeper power over musical expression than appears in any of his earlier works and that he has planted the flag of his fame higher and in a more enduring place than it was before. Several critics wrote after the Hereford Festival, that, with a little judicious pruning, the work will prove monumental."

The Atonement had its first American hearing in February of last year, at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, New York, one of the most wealthy and aristocratic churches in this country. Among those enrolled as Sustaining Members were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. George F. Peabody, Bishop Potter, Dr. Rainsford and many others of equal prominence. It was rendered by a chorus of 150 and the choir boys, assisted by distinguished soloists, an orchestra of sixty pieces and two organs. It is said the effect was indescribably grand. The music is beautiful, impressive and moving. There was no applause whatever. The setting was entirely that of a service in the Episcopal Church. The service opened with a hymn and chorale, in which choir and congregation

joined, and closed with a short collect and benediction.

No tickets were sold. The expenses were met by subscription, the subscribers receiving tickets to the service.

In physique Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is rather below the ordinary size, with a markedly intellectual face a keen, and piercing eye, a large, well-formed head, covered with a luxuriant growth of hair, of a reserved and almost shy demeanor, yet withal, affable and approachable, and quick and almost nervous in his movements.

It was natural that he would be questioned as to his impressions of the country and people whom he was visiting and in an interview he confesses that the progress of the colored people in this country was a revelation to him. He said he had not the slightest idea that they were so far advanced in things material, intellectual, artistic and musical. He expressed, to use his own words, his "surprise that there are so many educated and cultured Negroes," and added that, "in England the impression is that the American Negro is a very low moral and intellectual type and that culture and refinement among them are exceedingly rare."

He has declared his intention to make a study of African and plantation melo-

dies and if his life is spared it is probable that he will give to the world some fine and rare melodic interpretations of the rude and primitive music of the untutored Negro. Asked what he thought of coon songs he emphatically replied: "The worst sort of rot. In the first place there is no melody, and in the second place there is no real Negro character or sentiment in these 'coon songs.' However, I will not object to the term 'coon songs.' They may be that but they are not Negro melodies."

The distinguished achievements of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor will, we are sure, prove as an incentive to the young Negro lad in whose soul flames the divine gift of song, whether it expresses itself in words or in measures. He is a shining mark for the young aspiring musician, a model for his imitation and an inspiration to his efforts. In the degree such as he multiply in every walk of life, or department of attainment, in that degree all defamation must cease, all skepticisms and denials touching our capacities be transformed into faith in us and in our powers, and all complacent and oracular pronouncements as to the essential inferiority of the race be disproved and become like so many another exploded theory or myth, the wonder and the jest of the generations to come.



A New Afro-American

IT is a very unusual occurrence for Afro-American men to be placed by the Federal Government in positions that require brain work. Generally they are assigned and confined to work that requires the invariability of a machine,—and the punctuality of the clock. Something like the Italian's songs—they are all different in music but alike in words.

The Naval Station at Port Royal,



LEONARD R. IZZARD

South Carolina, is one of the largest south of the Newport harbor. Here a large force of men are constantly employed; and connected with the work are several positions of great responsibility. One of these is the Accountant of the

Department of Supplies and Accounts, now held by an Afro-American, who gained it by strength of character and ability. Mr. Leonard R. Izzard represents what some call "the new Afro-American," but what is really the prepared Afro-American.

Leonard R. Izzard was born in Beaufort in 1872. He attended school there, and like many of the strongest men, his school training terminated with the public school course. He engaged himself, however, in the real school of experience, which combines with its instruction an educative air and force—he devoted himself to the "art preservative." In 1892 he began the publication of the HAMPTON COUNTY ELEVATOR, which failed, however, to elevate him financially, but which established his reputation as a man of extraordinary parts. From 1893, when he left a then "honorable but unprofitable" field until 1898, he was employed as a compositor on the PALMETTO POST, a Democratic newspaper, whose editorial expressions, which he sometimes "set" did not effect his political leanings.

In 1898, he took a competitive civil service examination at Beaufort for employment in the Department of Supplies and Accounts in the United States Naval Service. He lead eleven applicants, half of whom were white, and began work as a special laborer. In 1902 he was promoted to Assistant Shipping and Receiving Clerk. One

year after this, with only five years of record behind him, he was promoted to his present position, which he fills with signal ability and great credit, both to himself and the service.

Mr. Izzard is Chancellor Commander of the Knights of Pythias of South Carolina, and a leading force in religious affairs. His interest in politics has never precluded his interest in the

moral uplift of his people. He has won success, because he deserved it, and because he prepared himself for it. Preparation is not always acquired through some Greek society in a college. It comes often through diligent study under the flitting blaze of the old pine torch. Beaufort's foremost young man acquired his knowledge somewhat in that way.

Newark's New Justice of the Peace

By W. E. H. CHASE.

JOSEPH HUGH EVANS SCOTLAND of Newark, New Jersey, is possibly one of the best known young men in literary and social circles in the great city of New York and vicinity. It is nearly twenty years ago since Joe Scotland reached Brooklyn direct from Boston, and through his genial manners and amiable presence ingratiated himself upon the public in a way which none who has the honor of his acquaintance can easily forget.

Mr. Scotland was born in Antigua, British West Indies, and received his early training at Lady Micheal's Institute. After leaving school he enlisted in the British Navy and remained until his uncle, P. E. McKerrow, of the firm of Thomas & Co., Halifax, Nova Scotia, tailors and furriers, became interested in him and turned him out a full fledged tailor and an expert on cloth and furs.



JOSEPH HUGH EVANS SCOTLAND

Not satisfied with the narrow scope of the City of Halifax, young Scotland sought other climes and reached Boston

about 1886. Scarcely had he reached that city before he was engaged by Mr. Lewis, one of the leading tailors of Boston, to fill a most responsible position. He remained in this position until his wanderings brought him to the "City of Churches."

Ambition to serve every worthy cause is an all absorbing quality of Mr. Scotland, and once settled into that city he lost no time in connecting himself with the Siloam Presbyterian Church, in which institution he filled many important and responsible offices, and contributed liberally to its support. In literary circles he was always first and foremost. When the great Brooklyn Literary Union was at its zenith the voice of Joe Scotland could be heard pro and con on all questions of moment, touching upon the Afro-American and his progress. It would seem that he had made the Afro-American his life study and felt that his first duty was to make any kind of sacrifice for its upbuilding and to never let a moment pass when some malicious onslaught had been made upon his people, to let his side be heard. It was not long before Mr. Scotland was sitting in counsel with the literary dignitaries of the sister boroughs. Following close upon these conditions the floor members recognized in him a leader of men and for many terms he presided over the Concord Literary Circle and other organizations of like character. Mr. Scotland is also a charter member of Olympic Lodge, No. 9, K. of P. and Past-Chancellor Commander of the Subordinate Lodge of Newark, N. J. He is one of the founders of the West Indian Benevolent and Social League of Brook-

lyn and a member of the West Indian Cricket Club.

One would think that Mr. Scotland's literary and social connections would so absorb his time and mind that he would not have time for other things, but not so. About ten years ago Mr. Scotland took up his bed and board and moved himself and family to Newark, N. J. Starting out in that city with a small restaurant, where he got the patronage of the employees of one of the large stores, he soon became known to the Newark public as an energetic and enterprising young man and was received with open arms. Hardly a month had passed before he had the quiet and staid people of Newark interested in what is so well and popularly known as the People's Forum, a literary and social organization, before which some of the best people of many States have appeared. He has presided over that body ever since its organization, and the results accomplished are the educating of two native Africans in Liberia and the establishment of a laundry under his management, which employs six in help.

In Newark, Mr. Scotland entered a new field of action. He entered into politics with a vim. He went into conference with such well known political leaders as A. B. Cosey, Henri Herbert and others, and has several times served on committees to see the governor and other influential leaders in the interest of some citizen recommended for official recognition. In this particular field he has been successful in assisting to secure positions for two colored teachers in the mixed schools of Newark; and was recently successful in securing for an Afro-

American the position of janitor of the Normal Training School.

During the last campaign his constituency, recognizing his ability to sit in judgment upon all questions of general interest, and knowing his impartial mind, nominated him for Justice of the Peace. He was not only elected but

received a handsome majority.

He is statistician of the Negro Business League of Newark. Personally Mr. Scotland is a most pleasant entertainer and a true and genial friend.

He is also employed in the well known Banking House of John H. Davis & Co., 10 Wall Street, New York City.

New York Meeting of the National Negro Business League

THE sixth annual meeting of the National Negro Business League will be held in New York City August 16, 17 and 18th. The indications are that this will be the largest and most enthusiastic gathering in the history of the organization. New and interest wakening departures are to be made in the public exhibits, which have become a permanent part of the work of the League. Space will be afforded those who may desire to exhibit their handiwork, or agricultural production; and the Executive Committee recommend and urge that each member of the organization utilize some space.

The program will be varied, and as usual, interesting. The papers on the several phases of business activity will be interspersed with addresses of worth and eloquence by men and women of character and brains. Representatives are expected from Hayti, Porto Rico, South and Central America, and other islands of the Sea. They will bring

with them words of cheer and assurances of prosperity.

The New York merchants, are preparing to extend every courtesy to the League. They have long ago recognized the representative character of the organization, and they have signified their intention and eagerness to extend a real New York welcome to the men who represent the brain, character and capital of the colored race. Wall Street extends an especial greeting.

The General Secretary, Mr. Fred. R. Moore, advises that the entire membership of the League will be in attendance, and that an additional delegation may be expected from every state. The colored citizens of New York are looking forward with much pleasure to the gathering of this body.

Dr. Booker T. Washington, the president of the National organization, is much gratified at the assuring outlook for a large and significant meeting of the League.



IN THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

The Beginning of the End

JUDGE WILKINSON of the State Courts of Mississippi, sitting in Lincoln county a few days since, sentenced a half dozen white-cappers to the state penitentiary for terms ranging from five years to life imprisonment. These men have not only been leading men of much light in their communities, but have been honored by the citizens of their county with public trust. Their indictment, to say nothing of conviction and sentence, is evidence sufficient that "the best white people" along with Mr. John Mitchell's "the worst element" has been deeply guilty of cruelty to their black neighbors. This is the beginning of the end of white-cappism in Mississippi, which has terrorized Afro-American people since the adoption of the present state constitution in 1890, which not only licensed brutality and injustice, but denied the objects of these practices their surest weapon against it—the ballot.

We shall hope, and we haven't much foundation, that the white cap machine which works automatically, and harmoniously against the objects of its ravenous hatred, will be smashed; and if Judge Wilkinson was not soon to retire, it would be smashed. The organization is strongest in Lincoln and Amite Counties, and under Governor Vardaman, it has grown in numbers, in magnitude, and in

audacity of undertaking.

During Governor Longino's administration, the life was almost choked out of white cappism. Under the present administration, whose head openly espoused it in his candidacy for the nomination, it has taken on both new life and new meaning. And with a judiciary immediately obligated to the present Governor for appointment, together with the majority of white citizens in direct, and sometimes open, sympathy with this flank of the band of Camelia, neither Afro-American people, nor their friends, can look for relief.

Judge Wilkinson has sentenced a half dozen of white caps to imprisonment. There are thousands on the outside of the jail, who will keep at the persecution, both because of their desire to do so, and to avenge the imprisonment of their confederates. Judge Wilkinson needs encouragement. He will not get it from the present state government, which will pardon each of the convicts upon the slightest pretext. And then the game was not worth the chasing.

Perhaps if the Federal Courts would take official action against this outrageous practice, as it did in Alabama peonage cases, provided the initiative were armed with prudence and discretion, neither of which imply nor mean compromise, we might expect Afro-American merchants and planters, and teachers to

find relief from this sore distress. It would be well indeed if another Thomas G. Jones was on the Federal Bench in Mississippi. The present Judge is notoriously unfit, both because of age, training and lack of moral courage, although a Republican in politics, for high and courageous service in a judicial capacity.

A H. Longino, former Governor, or Judge Wilkinson, both of them democrats, more for power than from principle, like Judge Jones in Alabama, if either were on the Federal Bench, would use every convenience and legal authority

at hand, and demand more if they could, and take it if necessary, to ferret out this wicked practice of slaying, or banishing men because they have property, and live like civilized people on one hand, and ravishing their families, because they are defenseless, on the other. The American people do not know that white cappism is worse than slavery.

Talk about Russian Jews! Mississippi and Alabama and Georgia Negroes suffer more than the Jews in Russia or the Gentiles ever did in Lystra.

CHICAMAUGA

BY H. HARRISON WAYMAN

THREE is music in a cabin way down in Tennessee,
And there's a dusky hero in the Tenth Cavalry.
A little pickaninny was scared almost to death,
And of a thousand troopers, most all held their breath,
On the field of Chickamauga, this little native strayed,
Where the government, in manœuvres, its troopers had arrayed.
He was looking at the soldiers on the famous battlefield,
When he was seen a few yards off by the the Tenth as it swiftly reeled,
Of course you know they won't relent, when ordered to a charge,
Nor a child, unless by Providence, escapes a troop so large.
That Providence was in the Tenth 'mongst soldiers trained for strife,
It proved their training taught them savé, as well as take a life.
A trooper spurred his steed just a little in advance,
As he muttered meekly and grabbed his only chance,
Then he just leaned in his saddle and gave a hasty scoop;
He saved the pickaninny, and his comrades gave a whoop.

Envenoi

There is music in a cabin way down in Tennessee
And there's a dusky hero in the Tenth Cavalry.



PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

**MOORE PUBLISHING and PRINTING COMPANY
181 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK**

FRED. R. MOORE, Editor and Publisher

ROSCOE CONKLING SIMMONS, Associate Editor

IDA MAY MOORE, Secretary and Treasurer

WE desire to thank our friends and the public generally for the good support they gave us during the past year. We have endeavored to merit their approval by publishing articles of interest along all lines, from the pen of the ablest writers of the race, and it is our intention to continue to deserve a larger measure of support this year by filling our magazine with the most readable and interesting subjects engaging the attention of the public. This shall be a magazine of the people, by the people and for the people. We shall appreciate the efforts our friends put forth in our favor. We now reach 12,000 readers. This must be increased to 25,000 before the close of the year. The magazine is owned absolutely by members of the race, and it is the duty of the race to build up and to strengthen its own. This is the first consideration of other races, and it should be a consideration of ours. In appealing to you we are sure that you will give us the benefit of your influence and do your part individually and collectively in making the magazine a powerful instrument of good for the race, and its advancement.

Let this be manifested by sending to us the subscriptions of all of your friends.

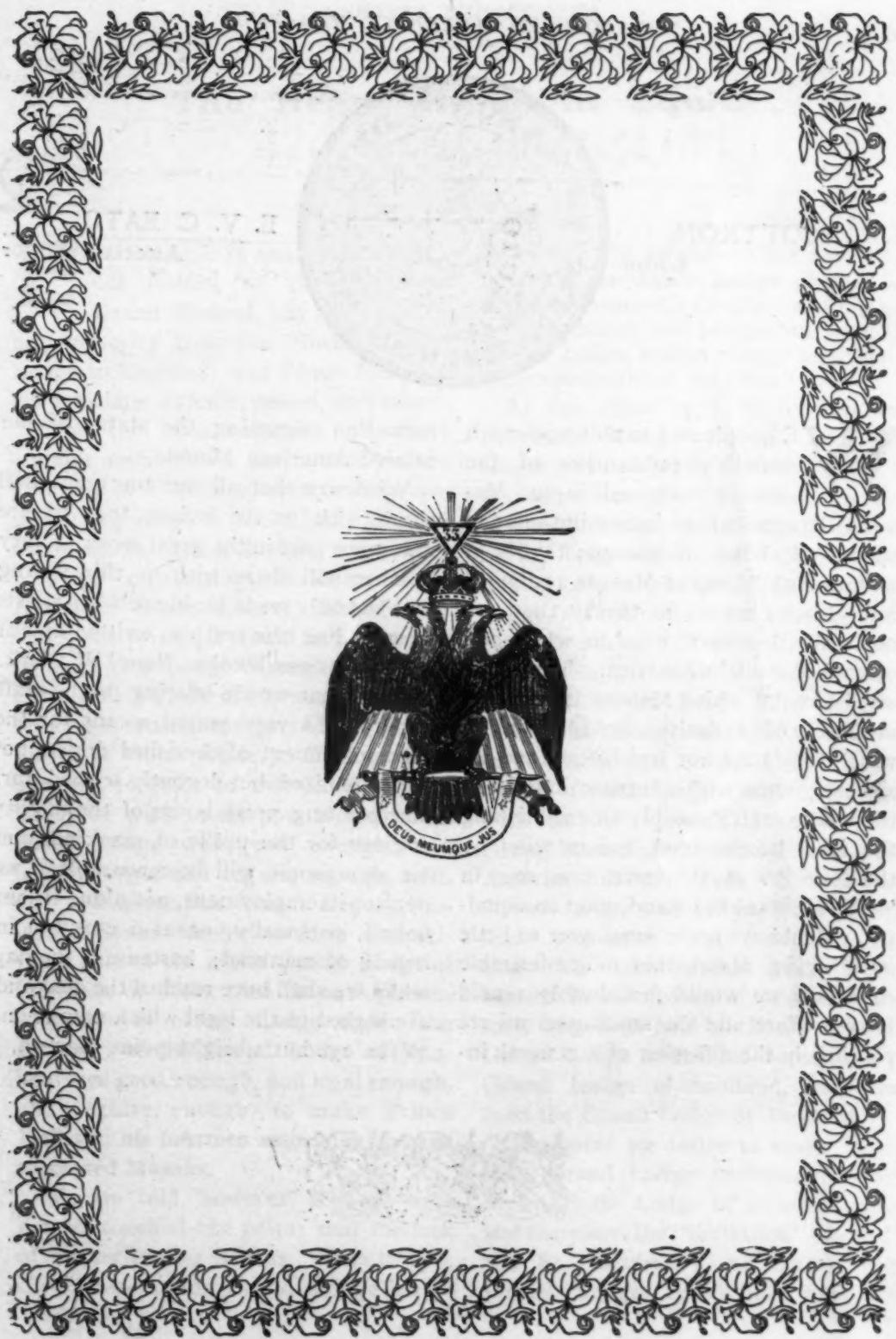
When once they have seen the magazine they will feel it a duty to subscribe; once a reader always a reader. The size of the Magazine has been increased to 64 pages, and we ask if this is not our banner number? The February number will be replete with articles of interest. Why try to tell you more when you are already familiar with the Magazine. In conclusion, however, we would say that we are determined to have 25,000 readers before the close of 1905. And we are sure you will be with us in our efforts to get this number. Wishing you the greatest prosperity.

Truly Yours,

FRED. R. MOORE.

THE Stock of the Metropolitan Realty Company is now selling for \$8 a share instead of \$6.00. The notice of the change reached us too late for publication in the advertisement of the Company.

To our agents we return our most grateful appreciation for the good support given us, and we ask you for continued interest in the magazine by increasing your orders each month. Activity makes for success.



S. R. SCOTTRON,
Editor

E. V. C. EATO,
Associate Editor



WE are pleased to note with each month's publication of the matter contained in our Masonic Department, an increasing interest among all classes of Masons; that is, if we may rightly regard Masons as divided into classes, which in theory they are not. We, however, refer to white and colored Masons in America. The interest shown by white Masons is certainly evidence of a desire for information which they have not had before, and we sincerely trust will eventuate in good to the whole craft, possibly in establishing the ideal brotherhood had in mind by the founders of the institution, one in which all mankind stand upon an equality. Could we assist even ever so little in bringing about this most desirable condition we would feel doubly repaid for our effort and the small part we are playing in the diffusion of a general in-

formation regarding the status of the colored American Mason.

We desire that all our brethren shall share with us the feeling that we are doing our part in the great work. Every brother will share with us this feeling who not only reads for himself but assists in spreading the truth as written by our late Illustrious Brother, Sam'l W. Clark. We feel that we are offering to the craft generally, a very potent means for the accomplishment of cherished desires not as yet realized but devoutly wished for. The printing press is one of the mighty engines for the uplift of mankind, and we as a people will be censurable if we neglect its employment, not alone in our behalf, personally, or as a race, but in behalf of mankind; hastening the day when we shall have reached the goal and are bathed in the light which now seems to the eye but a bright point afar off.



The Negro Mason in Equity

By M. W. SAMUEL W. CLARK

EVIDENTLY in one of these lodges not formed by the Provincial Grand Masters, but having original authority from the Mother Grand Lodge in England, was Prince Hall and his associates entered, passed, and raised.

From this same authority and others equally reliable, we learn that on the 15th day of February, 1776, a dispensation was granted to Joel Clark, Esq., to establish an Army Lodge, appointing him and constituting him Master of the American Union Lodge. Would time and space permit, it would be interesting to trace this Lodge through its vicissitudes and periods of dormancy until it became a constituent part of the Grand Lodge of Ohio (white.) We may have occasion to refer to this Lodge again. What we wish to say now is, that if an Army Lodge was good enough, and legal enough, and regular enough, with only a dispensation from a Deputy Provincial Grand Master, to form a constituent part of the white Grand Lodge of the State of Ohio, then, in our opinion, a warranted Army Lodge under the authority of the Grand Lodge of England was good enough, and legal enough, and regular enough, to make Prince Hall and his fourteen associates free and accepted Masons.

We are told, however, that we have not yet touched the point; that the lack of authority lies in this. That in 1773 the Massachusetts Grand Lodge placed

this limitation upon all Army Lodges:

"That an Army Lodge should not make a Mason of a Civilian without express authority and permission from the Grand Lodge within whose territory it was commorant at the time."

At this time, 1773, there were two Provincial Grand Lodges exercising concurrent authority in the colony of Massachusetts, the "American doctrine of Grand Lodge jurisdiction" not yet having been introduced. One of these Grand Lodges was the St. John's Grand Lodge, a Provincial Grand Lodge under English authority, with R. W. John Rowe, Esq., Grand Master of North America, at its head. The other of these Grand Lodges was the St. Andrew's or Massachusetts Grand Lodge, a Provincial Grand Lodge under Scotland, with M. W. Joseph Warren, Esq., Grand Master of the continent of North America, at its head. It was this Grand Lodge that adopted the "limitation" regulation. At this same time there were also several Army Lodges located in the colony of Massachusetts, some of which held authority from the Grand Lodge of Ireland, some from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and others from the Grand Lodge of England.

The point we desire to make is, that each Grand Lodge exercised authority over only the Lodge of its constituency, and therefore, the "limitation" enacted by the St. Andrew's, or Massachusetts Grand Lodge, could only have force

with its own Lodges. If either of the Grand Lodges in Massachusetts could have placed a limitation upon the Army Lodge, in which Prince Hall and his associates were made Masons, which was a regularly warranted Lodge under the direct jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England, it would have been St. John's Grand Lodge, which was a Provincial Grand Lodge under English authority.

But we contend that neither of these Provincial Grand Lodges had any jurisdiction over this Army Lodge, and, therefore, had no right to make any limitation as to its reception of candidates. At this time, 1773, the "American doctrine of exclusive territorial jurisdiction" not having been thought of, the several Grand Lodges exercising authority in Massachusetts did so concurrently. This view is agreed in by Bro. Chas. Moore, Past Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and also editor of the Free Mason's Monthly Magazine. In his "Memorial Address" to the St. Andrew's Lodge, December 23, 1869, he says, in defending the establishment of St. Andrew's Lodge, "Massachusetts, like all the other colonies and dependencies of the British Crown, was open and free to the joint occupancy of the three Grand Lodges of that kingdom; namely, England, Scotland, and Ireland." And, as stated in Mackey's Jurisprudence, page 422, "The

jurisdiction exercised in this condition of Masonry by the different Grand Lodges is not over the territory, but over the Lodge or Lodges which each of them has established." Again, according to Mackey's Jurisprudence, page 313, "A warrant having been granted by the Grand Lodge, the body of Masons thus constituted form at once a constituent part of the Grand Lodge. They acquire permanent rights which can not be violated by any assumption of authority, nor abrogated except in due course of Masonic law." Now this Army Lodge, not having been warranted by the St. Andrew's Grand Lodge, did not form a constituent part thereof, and was, therefore, not under its jurisdiction; consequently, it was an "assumption of authority" on the part of St. Andrew's Grand Lodge to interfere with the right of this Army Lodge holding a charter from the Grand Lodge of England. Among these "permanent rights" of a warranted Lodge are, "The right to do all the work of ancient craft Masonry," and "The right to increase its members by the admission of new members," providing the ancient regulations of the order be not violated. This Army Lodge, in making Prince Hall and his associates Masons, did what it had the right to do, and in doing so violated none of the ancient regulations of the order, and for what it did, was responsible to the Grand Lodge of England.